

The Maids Complaint for want of a dill doul.

*This Girls long time hath in a sickness been,
Which many maids do call the sickness green.*

*I wish she may some comfort find, poor soul,
And have her belly filled with a Dill doul.*

To a new tune, called, The Dill doul, or Women and Wine.



Young men give ear to me a while,
If you to matriment are inclin'd,
And I'll tell you a story shall make you to smile,
Of late done by a woman-kind:
As she went musing all alone
I heard her to sigh to sob and make moan
For a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul,
(quoth she) I'm undone if I han't a dill doul.

For I am a Maid, and a very good Maid,
And sixteen years of age am I,
And fain would I part with my Maiden-head,
If any good fellow would with me lie:
But none to me ever yet proffer'd such love,
As to lie by my side and give me a shove
With his dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul,
Oh happy were I if I had a dill doul.

At night when I do go to bed
Thinking for to take my rest,
Strange fancies comes into my head,
I pray for that which I love best:
For it is a comfort, and pleasure both bring
To women that have such a pretty fine thing,
Call'd a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul,
Then happy were &c,

Last week as I walked in the Strand,
I met with my sister, a handsome Lass,
I kindly took her by the hand.
This question of her I did ask,
Whet're she kept still a Maiden alone?
As whether her Maiden-head was fled & gone
For a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul?
Oh happy &c.



KInd Sister, quoth she, to tell you the truth,
it has been gone this twelve months day,
I freely gave it a handsome youth
that us'd with me to sport and play:
To grieve for the loss of it I never shall,
for if I had ten thousand I would give them
For a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul doul (all
O all my delight is in a dill doul.

She making this answer, I bid her adieu,
and told her I could no longer stay,
I let go her hand, and I straight left the Strand,
and to Covent Garden I hasted away:
Where lively young gallants do use to resort,
to pick up young Ladies, & shew 'um good sport
With a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul,
yet none was so kind &c.

O would I'd a sweetheart as some maids have,
that little knows how to pleasure a man,
I'd keep him fro' licksome, gallant and brave,
and make as much on him as any one can:
Before that any good thing he should lack,
I'd sell all my clothes & smock from my back
For his dill doul, dill doul, dill doul doul,
then happy were &c.

Thus youngmen have I declared in brief
the causes of my grief and woe,
And if any of you will yield me relieve,
Speak cheerfully to me, say ay or no:
I live at the sign of the Cup and the Can,
and I will be loving to any youngman
For his dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul,
and all my delight &c.

Besides youngmen, I have store of money,
good red Gold and Silver bright,
And he shall be master of every penny
that lies with me and yields me delight:
For why, 'tother night I heard my dame Nancy
declare how her Quaker did tickle her fancy
With his dill doul, dill doul, dill doul, doul,
then what e're it cost me &c.

Then come to me my bonny Lad
while I am in my prime I say,
And take a good bargain while it is to be had,
and do not linger your time away:
'Tis money you see makes many men rich,
then come along rub on the plate that both tick
For a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul doul,
take all my money give me a dill doul.

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